Soaked by BillysHardgrove

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Summary:

So yeah. Watersports.

Soaked

Billy had been waiting all day, watching with hungry eyes how Steve had drunk bottle after bottle of water. He had encouraged him with approving little hums and had filled up his water bottle obediently. He had watched the liquid disappear down Steve's throat and was mesmerised by the way his Adam's apple bobbed underneath his pale skin as he swallowed it all down.

The sight alone had him sporting a semi the entire goddamn day.

He noticed Steve become twitchy when they were watching tv later that day. Steve was sitting in his lap and Billy had his arms tucked securely around his waist when he noticed that Steve started to squirm uncomfortably.

Billy pressed his face down in Steve's shoulder and sighed at the delicious friction his twitching was causing.

He had slipped into loose, grey sweatpants earlier when he saw Steve downing his second bottle that day. They did nothing to hide how he was rapidly getting hard, but they were his favourite for what they were about to do. He peeked up at Steve and saw his features hard-set as he obviously tried to ignore his full bladder. A sly smile crept on Billy's face, he had waited all day for this and god, was he ready.

Steve kept fidgeting, he was trying to find a comfortable position that didn't put any pressure on his lower belly, but it proved to be impossible. Fuck, he had to pee, he felt like his bladder was about to burst, but he didn't know if he was full enough yet for Billy.

Billy groaned when Steve move around in his lap once again. He spread his knees wider apart and pulled the other boy closer to his chest, pressing light kisses onto the moles that covered Steve's neck.

'You doing okay, baby?' Billy's voice was low and husky in Steve's ear. He could feel Billy's erection rubbing up against his ass and shuddered at the sensation, whining softly as he pressed down into it.

Billy freed one arm from his tight embrace and reached down to palm

Steve's cock roughly through his jeans, arousal burning low in his belly when he found that the brunette was just as hard as he was.

'Mmm, you like this, don't you?' Billy smiled when Steve whimpered and shifted his weight. 'Get so fucking hard when you're full of piss, so fucking filthy.'

'Y-yeah,' Steve managed to get out through gritted teeth and Billy relished in the slight desperation that already laced his voice.

'You've done so well for me today, baby, but you gotta hold on a bit longer, okay?' His hand was still massaging Steve's crotch and he watched closely how Steve's face scrunched up in his effort to hold in his pee.

Steve nodded, unable to speak in the haze of pleasure and discomfort.

Billy nipped his teeth at Steve's neck, tonguing at the red spot before biting down. He heard Steve hiss and his dick gave an interesting twitch at the sound.

'So fucking beautiful, my king Steve,' Billy whispered reverently before his hand pressed down hard, pushing directly onto Steve's full bladder.

Steve yelped, not expecting the sudden pressure. Tears were welling up in his eyes from the sharp pain in his gut, but he couldn't help but buck up into Billy's hand when he relieved the pressure, desperate for the friction. He squeezed his thighs together as hard as he could, trying to keep from spilling over.

'Please, Billy, I need-' Steve didn't even know what kind of release he was begging for.

Suddenly he was pushed off of Billy's lap and Steve stumbled to find his footing. The sudden movement caused a little burst of pee to come out and Steve whimpered as a damp spot started to bloom on the front of his jeans. It took every ounce of self-control he could muster to not let go completely and a sob fell from his lips. He was squirming as he stood in front of Billy, looking down at him pleadingly. He needed to pee so badly. He reached down between his

legs to relieve some of the pressure, but his boyfriend growled as he swatted his hand away and pulled him close.

Billy pressed his nose into the dark spot on Steve's jeans, inhaling deeply before unbuttoning Steve's jeans. He pulled them down slowly and hummed appreciatively when he saw the delicate white cotton of Steve's panties. The soft material was already clinging beautifully to Steve's skin at the wet spot in the front. It made the fabric almost see-through, showing off the red, swollen head of his cock underneath.

Billy pressed a quick kiss to the tip of Steve's dick before he helped Steve step out of his jeans and shirt. He quickly got rid of his own shirt, before he gently guided his boyfriend back on his lap until he was straddling him.

'Talk to me, baby' Billy murmured. His mouth was back on Steve's neck, nibbling softly, while his hands moved down to grip his hips, thumbs caressing Steve's panties.

'I just... I'm so full, Billy, it hurts and- AH!' Steve cried out when Billy's thumbs pressed down forcefully into his bladder. His entire body tensed up and he tried so hard to stop the stream, but another spurt of piss shot out.

Billy moaned as he watched it soak through the cotton and trickle down onto his own sweatpants. His fingers dug into Steve's hips, pushing him down as he rutted into him, causing the dark spot on his sweats to spread.

Steve's entire body was screaming at him to let go, tears were streaming down Steve's cheeks. He was biting down hard on his lips and he tried desperately to hold his release, but he still searched for more of that friction. His senses went into overload as he squeezed his pelvic muscles and he was shaking when he ground down on Billy.

A loud groan escapes Billy's throat, his cock was throbbing, the anticipation had him already nearing the edge.

Billy reached a hand down between their bodies. He squeezed Steve's balls through the wet fabric and relished in the broken sob that

escaped Steve's throat. His fingers trailed over the outline of his thick, long shaft, squeezing slightly when they reached the tip before sliding down over Steve's inner thigh.

Billy's fingers scratched at the milky flesh before slipping under Steve's panties. He made sure the head of Steve's leaking cock was still covered by the fabric as his fingers curled around the base, stroking up and down slowly.

'Billy, I- I can't,' Steve said weakly, his lower lip was trembling. He caught Billy's gaze with brown teary eyes, begging him for permission. His bladder was about to burst and he knew he couldn't hold it much longer.

'It's okay, baby, let it go,' Billy said hoarsely and squeezed Steve's cock firmly.

Steve barely even heard the words as he did let go. He moaned in relieve when pulses of hot piss gushed through the fabric of his panties and soon formed a steady stream.

Billy watched it shoot up with dark eyes, until he felt it coming down and was completely lost in the sensation. The warm liquid was pouring over his hand and he felt it seep into his sweatpants, quickly soaking through it. He rocked his hips into the wet warmth and moaned loudly when he heard the wet slosh of the soaked fabric slap against his skin.

Every nerve of Billy's body was on fire as he kept rutting into Steve, his clothed cock sliding between the crack of Steve's ass while incoherent sounds of pleasure fell from his lips. The sensation of Steve's piss drenching his belly, his thighs and his throbbing length was overwhelming. He watched through half-lidded eyes how his sweatpants turned almost black, clinging to his legs as the wet spot growing to his knees. He was lost in the heat and the wetness and the hissing sound of Steve relieving himself.

He felt his orgasm building in his gut and he looked up at Steve. His back was arched and the pale skin of his belly was glistening where it was covered in his own piss, his mouth open as he pushed down to meet Billy's thrusts. He was still peeing, a strong stream gushing

through his soaked panties, landing on Billy's belly, where it splattered everywhere.

It was so fucking hot, the sensation of Steve's warm wetness all around him felt too fucking good for Billy to last.

'Fuck, Steve, I'm-' He moaned out before his orgasm hit him hard. He was seeing stars, he felt his entire body tense up, spurting in his soaked sweatpants. His cum mixed with Steve's piss and Billy groaned as he rutted into the mess as he worked through the aftershocks of his orgasm.

He was breathing heavily by the time his eyes refocussed again. He stared in awe at the way Steve's cock was still leaking, weak pulses of golden liquid welling up at the tip and trickling down his shaft.

'God, baby,' he grunted in a deep voice and he squeezed his fingers that were still curled around Steve's cock. He looked back up and found Steve was staring down at him, lust all over his face.

Billy smiled weakly and started working his fist, picking up a steady pace. Steve whined in the back of his throat, but kept his eyes on Billy.

'Fuck, baby, you did so good,' Billy whispered fervently, speeding up his hand. 'I thought you were never gonna stop.'

Steve moaned softly when he heard the praise, panting as he bucked into Billy's hands.

'You're so fucking beautiful, Steve, so beautiful when you piss all over me.' Billy released the head of Steve's cock from where it was still trapped in the soaked fabric. He flicked his wrist over the head every time he moved up and it wasn't long before Steve's balls tightened and he screwed his eyes shut in ecstasy.

'Yeah, baby, yeahyeahyeah, that's it. Come for me, love.' Billy squeezed the Steve's head and moaned softly as he watched Steve throw his head back. Thick ropes of cum shot onto Billy's chest.

Steve groaned while Billy milked his cock dry, shoulders slumping as he came down from his high.

He opened his eyes and smiled at Billy, who was a complete mess underneath him.

Billy smiled back and his eyes twinkled mischievously when he took Steve's hand and guided it to his soaked sweats. He twisted up into the fabric, wringing it out so the cooling piss streamed down their hands.

Steve's breath hitched in his throat at the sensation and he watched wordlessly as Billy continued. He guided Steve's hand to his chest and pushed Steve's fingers up into the mixture of his own cum and piss that was drying there. Steve stretched out his fingers, swirling them around and scooping it up. Slowly, Billy tugged his wrist up until his long fingers were pushing against Billy's lips, smearing his mess all over them until they were glistening.

Steve watched in awe when Billy opened his mouth and swirled his tongue around his fingers before sucking on them lightly. Billy looked up at him through his eyelashes and Steve shuddered when Billy hummed around his fingers, enjoying the taste of Steve's cum and piss.

Author's Note:

@billys-hard-grove on tumblr, stalk me there.